



2019 Citywide Middle School Poetry Chapbook



The cast of the The Word Citywide Middle School Poetry Jam, Friday May 3rd, 2019 at Coop High School

all photos by Judy Sirota Rosenthal

Schools represented: Fair Haven, Jepson, and Columbus

www.thewordpoetry.org

MENTAL PAIN

BY: AAYDEN ROLON



I am hurting,
a leprechaun
Who's Gold has been stolen
Feeling hurt, while sliding
Down a lava rainbow.
When I am hurting,
I practice breakdancing
I look like an upside down fan
when my legs are spinning
My head is a spinning beyblade
My body is a tornado
Then I am happy
Like a sun rising
and starting a new day
And now,
I have my GOLD!!!





Photo Credit: Judy Sirota Rosenthal



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DONALD TRUMP

BY ALEJANDRO
GAYOSSO
BOBADILLA,
EDDY OVIEDO
ASTUDILLO,
EMMANUEL
CORTIÑA TORRES

Donald Trump Donald Trump Donald Trump

Es el presidente malo que todos se quieren vengar,
No puede pensar en otra cosa más que molestar,
Y si acaso un día su cabeza puede carburar,
Va a poner un muro que ni siquiera le va interesar
Por si acaso un día él se quiere vengar
Lo más posible que lo haga en años porque somos bien
cracks

Donald Trump Donald Trump Donald Trump

No no no no no no
Somos más que él y se lo podemos demostrar
Vamos a darle su merecido por no ayudar
Hay países que lo necesitan como Puerto Rico
Pero lo que más le importa es ser rico
Pero no es lo que él diga es el pueblo el que te necesita
Y si no quieres ayudar te dejamos atrás la verdad
No te necesitamos después de dos años nosotros los
vamos a vengar

Donald Trump Donald Trump Donald Trump

He is the bad president that everyone wants to avenge,
He can't think of anything else to do except bother us,
And if one day his head combusts,
He is going to put up a wall that will not even interest
him
In case one day he wants to take revenge
Which is likely he'll do years from now
Because we are good people

Donald Trump Donald Trump Donald Trump

No no no no no
We are more than him and we can show him
We are going to give him his due for not helping
There are countries that need it, like Puerto Rico
But what matters most to him is to be rich
But it is not how he says
The people are the ones who need you
And if you do not want to help, we leave you behind
And that's the truth: we do not need you
After two years, we are getting our revenge

VIOLENCE IS A VOLCANO

BY ANELIS PEREZ



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Violence is a Volcano.
People get hurt.
It leads to disaster.

Our tectonic plates are shifting.
We need to come together.
The killing is ending our lives too
quickly.

Help each other through the smoke.
Wake up and realize the cruelty.
Put a stop to someone's harm.
Clean up the ashes and stop fighting.

Let our hate turn into
love like lava into rock.

We need to be equal and have peace
Or it will be our own
people going against us.

Let the smoke turn into sunshine.
The rocks falling will be flowers.

Walking through
the clouds together.
To find an island full of oxygen.

All we needed was to become one.
Now we are all parts
of a beautiful, sunny day!



Loneliness

by Angel Albarran



My loneliness is a knife
Going through me
Leaving me a big scar,
Telling me
I will always be alone.
The knife comes from a butcher's
slaughterhouse
Full of my regrets
And my low self esteem.
But when I am feeling lonely
I just go on my phone and play
games.
My fingers move rapidly,
The engine soars
Up in the sky!
I want to play
With my new PS4,
My fingers are little engines
That are revving up to full speed.



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Silent Box

by Angel Perez

When I was in the first grade,
I was silent,
And being very quiet.
Being scared,
And not asking questions,
But now that I'm in 5th grade,
No more being silent,
No more silent box!



ANGER

BY: CHRISTINA CASTRO



I am a bomb
Light me on fire
And I'll blow up
Inside of me
I have anger
One thing you do that I hate

POW!

I'm done
But inside of me
I say it's ok
But it's not
t least for me it isn't
Outside of me
I hide my feelings cause
I feel like people are
Gonna judge
When I'm mad
I feel like I'm falling in a deep hole
And can't get out
But when I can't get out
I just draw and it makes me chill out
I draw my emotions to let it all out
When I draw
My fire goes out
I'm in tall grass
All relaxed In silence
Away from all the violence.

MY MOM

BY: EMMANUEL SAMPEDRO

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My mom was not such a bright light.
My dad was confused,
He came to the point
That he was surprised.
When I walked into the room,
I couldn't last,
With the pieces of trash,
With all the glass.
My mom cheating on my dad.
I couldn't last,
The past was too rough,
But at last,
The fight lasted until the night.
That is when I turned on my night light
But no respect for me.
My brother making fun of me.
I tried to fight back those fears,
But all I can hear was the
Screaming in my ear.
I stop to think and look at this point,
And the thought of me breaking it up,
Not brave enough
.But look at me now!
I'm safe and I had enough!



Photo Credit: Judy Sirota Rosenthal

Mirror

By: Emmely Garcia

I see a girl
That could do
The same thing,
All the time.
Sometimes I feel
Like people talk about me,
They call me names,
I go through pain,
And sometimes danger.
People talk about me,
But they don't know how I feel
When I see myself.
I feel empty,
I don't deserve happiness.
My dream is to hang out with my sisters.
When I look in the mirror,
I see a girl who wants to kill herself
Because she feels stupid and dumb.
When I look in the mirror,
I think that I will never see my father again,
And the girl in the mirror
Starts spilling tears.





RACISMO/RACISM

BY JULIETA FIGUEROA
 LOOR, YAIRINETTE
 CRYSTAL CORDOVA,
 GABRIELA TRINIDAD,
 CINDY ANN REYES RIVAS

Racismo , Racismo, todo el mundo con racismo. nadie se da cuenta. Del daño. que les hacen a los Latinos. Entre sufrimiento y felicidad. Hay una persona con maldad .construyó un muro sin saber lo que iba a pasar.

No dejes que la gente te discrimine con racismo. criticando a la gente me miro y me doy cuenta que todos le dan una sonrisa falsa a los latinos.

Criticando a los latinos. los miró y con una tristeza. me pregunto si les gustaría pasar por lo mismo. yo soy latina. Puerto Rico. La gente discrimina sin sentido.

Quiero que la gente sepa que soy latina. no nos importa lo que digan. yo sigo mi camino.

No discrimines,/ no eres nadie para discriminar. la maldad te está metiendo en esta sucia sociedad . No se si te has dado cuenta .de que hieren los sentimientos de los demás. Todos somos sensibles . Preocupate por la vida que te rodea .

No eres perfecto ni lo seras la gente no se fija que necesitamos igualdad.

Paran de discriminar lo que hacen no es bueno y se tienen que controlar. El racismo es una suciedad.

Racism, Racism, the whole world with racism. No one realizes the damage. What they do to Latinos.

Between suffering and happiness, there is a person with bad intentions. He built a wall without knowing what was going to happen.

Do not let people discriminate against you with racism. Criticizing the people I look at myself and I realize that everyone gives a false smile to Latinos.

Criticizing Latinos. He looked at them and with a sadness I wonder if he would like to go through the same thing. I am Latina. Puerto Rico. People discriminate without meaning. I want people to know that I'm Latina.

We do not care what they say. I follow my path.


Do not discriminate. You are not one to discriminate. The evil is getting you into this dirty society. I do not know if you realize that they hurt the feelings of others. We are all sensitive. Worry about the life that surrounds you.

You are not perfect nor will you be;
People do not notice that we need equality

.Stop discriminating as you do. It's not good and you have to control yourselves. Racism is a dirty thing.

My Name

By: Hope Hernandez



**My name is Hope.
I got my name from my godmother,
But not only that,
I had hope,
If my mother didn't fight,
I would not be in this world.
Hey, Let's say my name is Hope,
And it's so great, and dope!
I'm proud,
Are you?
Because I am,
So you should too!
I love my name
And there is no point to change it,
Love your name,
Be proud
Of it, too!**



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The Light Truth

By: Iker Salinas

**I never imagined,
Waking up To not see my brother,
Not there in his room.**

**The person
That I thought
Was always going to be
Next to me.**

**A
Person
More fun
Than a best friend**

**Someone
That I can
Trust
Forever, but...**

**It's
Harsh not seeing
Him there
When I wake up.**

**But, I know,
That even though
He's not here with me.
He will always be in my
HEART.**



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THE WOLF

BY IMALIS COTTOS

Photo Credit: Judy Sirota Rosenthal

Prejudice is a wolf, Preys on the minority that it perceives as weak
If nothing gets solved, The future looks pretty bleak
People judge other without knowing the fact
Which leads the prey to feeling scared and trapped
The wolf is ready to pounce the flag
The flag that we wave but it ends up leaving a trail of blood
The blood, sweat, and tears we shed to help fix our society

We are here to ask why we judge our own species
We judge each other without the facts or reasoning behind
our logic or thinking
Why do we judge people who WANT to be different or out of the
ordinary?

Why do things have to be ordinary?
Why do we judge each other for things we cannot control?
Why do we judge each other for people wanting to be something that
they couldn't choose for themselves?

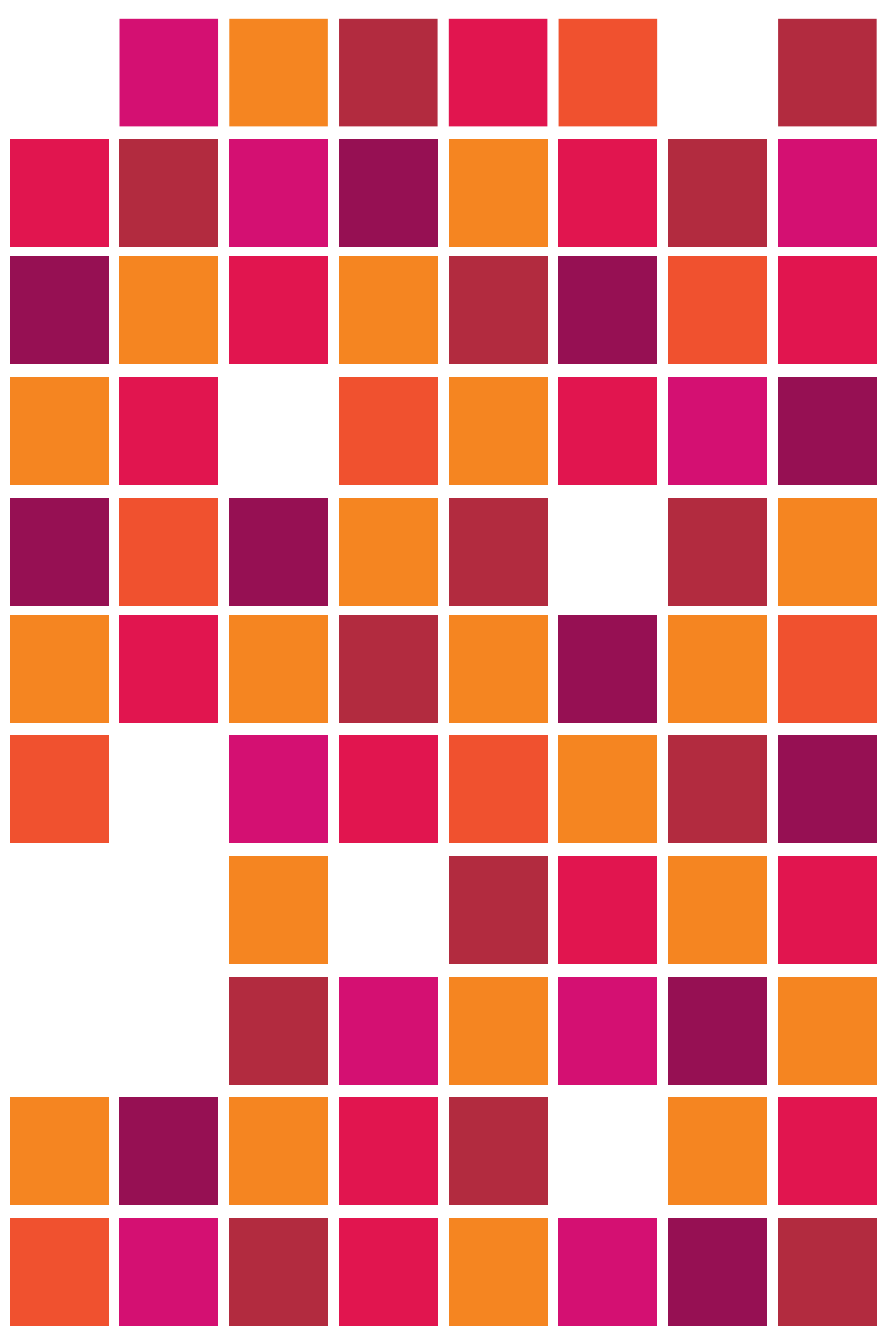
We judge each other for our race, religion, sexuality,
gender orientation, illnesses, looks, the way we express ourselves?

After all, "in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make."

Are we going to let the wolf win?

Private Box

By: Jaden Belanger



**I go in my room
I never leave.
But when my mom calls
Me down
But I stay in my room
Because I am
A private person.
My mom says
To be social.
To meet new people,
But I told my mom,
I am just private,
In my private box.**



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EMPTY CHAIR

BY: JAILYN PEREZ



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Rain,
Sprinkling on the window
,Right beneath the shadows
Where the screaming
And yelling
Used to happen.
Bangs,
In the room
Like gunshots.
Stuck in a corner,
Listening
To what is going on.
Yelling
,Screaming,
Then walking out
Of the house.
Waiting.
To see...
If your father
Was coming back.
On your bed,
Waiting,
And your mother's face
Is right there
In the moonlight.
Not with the person
Who you cared for and loved
As your soulmate.
When you walk into the room
You become suddenly doomed.
Cause all you see,
Is a chair,
Empty...
That you used to share.
You hold your breath
Grab your chair,
And sit and stare,
At the empty chair.

Niñez / Childhood

BY JEDRIEL ALBINO FERNANDEZ



Cuando yo era niño
me regalaron un potro pinto y lindo y al
otro día me regalaron una serpiente le
tuve miedo
sí pero me rendí no
Eche Palante y yo aprendí
que si cuidas a los animales
ellos te respetarán
y me di cuenta al otro día
no sentí miedo porque
recordé que no hay
que tener miedo porque
si tienes miedo ellos lo sabrán
y te tiraran por tener miedo
y ser cobarde y por maltratarla
y te odiarán y te matarán
y serían lejos y te las matarán y te darás
cuenta que por mal tratarlas se te
morirán gastaste
mucho para nada fuistes un estúpido por
mal tratarlas.



When I was a child
they gave me a cute, adorable colt and
the next day they gave me a snake.
I was afraid of it but I didn't give up. I
moved forward and I learned that if
you take care of the animals they will
take care of you.
And I noticed the other day
I was not afraid because
I remembered not to be
afraid because if you're afraid, they'll
know and they'll toss you aside for
being afraid and being a coward
and if you mistreat them
they will hate you and kill you
and go far away and die and you will
realize that by treating them
badly you kill them you spent a lot for
nothing you were stupid
to treat them badly.



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DEPRESSION

BY JEREMIAH SANTIAGO



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Depression is a crumbled cone
That cannot go away.
The depression comes from my body.
When I go to sleep,
My face presses into the pillow,
So I go to bed
Acting like I am dead.
I really can't move my head.
It's a storm,
That never is going to end.
Wake me up,
I'm really running out of luck.
My dream was the pain of stepping on a nail,
That was a big fail.
Now I see a desert sand in my eye,
I can't lie.
I'm feeling pain I need to go to the driving lane.
Finally, I'm okay, I'm out of my dream.
If I can't, and it wasn't, I will turn into steam.
I was not clean, I was going crazy,
And acting very lazy.
Like a messed up tornado, I can finally move,
My body and get in the groove!

A GIRL

By: Jeremy Corona

**I was in disguise,
I met her on the bus.
She is a nice Puerto Rican,
I would call her up on the weekend.
We would talk on the bus,
But someone separated us.
I need a guide,
For where to hide!
We won't fight,
I just want to call
her in the night!**



TECHNOLOGY

By: Jorge Jimenez



**Technology is my thing.
No one can take it away from me.**

**It is my thing,
I have been playing
With technology,
Ever since I was three.
I like technology,
It is my thing.**

**My body is made from Technology.
You should see me with Technology.
I'm the best.**

**You can call me by my name,
The Hacker, Every day!**

Mi Madre / My Mother

BY JOSÉ PEREZ SUAREZ Y ADONIS LUIS PEREZ

Mi madre se fue de viaje.
Al día siguiente sufrió un accidente.
y se partió los dientes.
La llevaron a la enfermería para salvarle la vida.
`Después se fue a mi país para verme feliz.
Y luego fuimos al cine para ver la película de los
martínez.
Luego fuimos a mi casa para hacer un pan con la masa
Después se tuvo que ir.
A santo domingo
Porque tenía muchas cosas que decir.
Después me fui a mi habitación.
Porque estaba llorando y mi padre me pregunta.
Hijo ¿estás agonizando?



Photo Credit: Judy Simola Rosenthal

My mother went on a trip
The next day she suffered an accident
and she broke her teeth.
They took her to the clinic
to save her life.
Then she went to my country
to see me happy.
And then we went to the cinema
to see a Martinez movie.
Then we went to my house
to make bread with dough.
Then she had to go to Santo Domingo.
I had many things to say
I went to my room
Because I was crying
and my father asks me,
"Son, are you suffering?"



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THE WALL

BY KASUMI EDWARDS



Between money and wallets,
A wall yells with its dry mouth and says,
“You shall not pass through!”
The wall moves its big toes.
A wall is death
With anger on the inside.
A lost soul trying to escape
The anger,
And death is to be free.
A wall is there standing and watching,
People trying to cross over to get to the
other side,
Just to see their family.
To them the wall says, “Go away and
never come back here, or there will be
consequences.”
I don’t like walls.
They say to me, “If you pass, bad things
Will happen to you when you cross
over!”
I like the opposite of a wall.
It is a guard dog.
A guard dog can smell weapons.
If someone bad tries to hurt people on
the other side,
The guard dog will protect them.

WHY DAD?

BY: KELVIN SANDOVAL



I went outside,
Momma was inside.
Dada was outside.
I went up to my dad,
Man, he was so drunk.
Me, sitting in the trunk.
I was holding back
My tears
,But they came out,
And I looked down.
There was an empty can,
It was a beer
With a painting of a deer
I got so mad.
I went inside,
Momma crying,
Brother hiding his tears.
Little brother had no clue,
What was happening.
Ha, ha,
Very funny...
But not funny for me though.
Then I asked myself,
"Why Dad?"
"Why did you do this?"
You always blame it
On your friends,
But in the end,
It was your choice.



Photo Credit: Judy Sirota Rosenthal

BULLYING IS A THUNDERSTORM

BY: LIZ OJEDA



Bullying is a thunderstorm.
It can go on and on.
Even when it cannot be seen,
It can still be heard.
Lightning strikes then disappears.
But the storm still stays.
The damage is done.
It makes everyone around it uncomfortable.
But no one will make a sound.
People see the destruction that's been caused,
But they continue on.
They strike more lightning,
Harming even more.
As the storm leaves,
the sky is still gray.
Confidence is gone in a landslide.
Everything you once had is lost in the flood.
But when that one person speak up,
The clouds begin to part.
Let the sun peak through and shine upon you.
This beautiful weather won't stay for long,
Unless we make a permanent change.
Be that flower that shows through
on someone's darkest day.



Photo Credit: Judy Sirota Rosenthal

Mi Perrito / My Puppy

BY MADELIN GARCIA PERALTA, YENDI GONZALEZ RIVERA,
DULCE GUEVARA BARREDA, MARIA GONZALEZ VILLAVERDE

mi hermanito
tenia un perrito
Y el perrito lo mordio
Y después se lo comió
Y sin mano se quedó

mi perrito
era blanquito
y muy flaquito
era chiquito
y muy bonito
Y su corazoncito
era muy pequeñito!

y el perrito consiguió
una perrita llamada cremita
y terminaron en una cita
y la perrita se veía muy bonita
y también era una chiguaguita
y el perrito compro comida!



my little brother
had a puppy
and the puppy bit him
and ate him
and my brother had no hand

my puppy was white
and very skinny
he was small
and very beautiful
And his little heart
was very tiny!

and the puppy got
a little dog called Cremita
and they ended up on a date
and this little dog looked very pretty
and also there was a little Chihuahua
and the little dog bought her food!

Cuando yo tenía 5 años/When I Was 5

BY MARIA GONZALEZ VILLAVERDE

Cuando yo tenía 5 años, yo veía bien
Veía hoyos grandes, y borrosos
donde pisaba
y cuando yo iba a una cascada
o un río me tenían que decir
como era y yo me lo imaginaba
y mi vida cambió cuando me
dieron lentes
y ahora ya puedo ver bien
y ya no veo borroso ni hoyos ahora puedo ver
los lugares a donde voy como las cascadas y
también todas las cosas
Que están alrededor de mi
Veía hoyos grandes y borrosos alrededor
de mí y pues ya no aguanto más
y ahora, (cuando me acuerdo yo me siento mal)



When I was 5 years old,
I did not see well
I saw big holes, and fuzziness
where I stepped
and when I went to a water fall
or a river they had to tell me as it was and I imagined it
and my life changed when
they gave me glasses and now I can see good
and I no longer see blurry or holes
now I can see the places where I'm going
like the waterfalls and also all things that are around me
I saw big holes and fuzzy around me
and I could not stand it anymore
and now, (when I remember I feel bad)

AUNT BARBARA

BY: MIA FIGUEROA

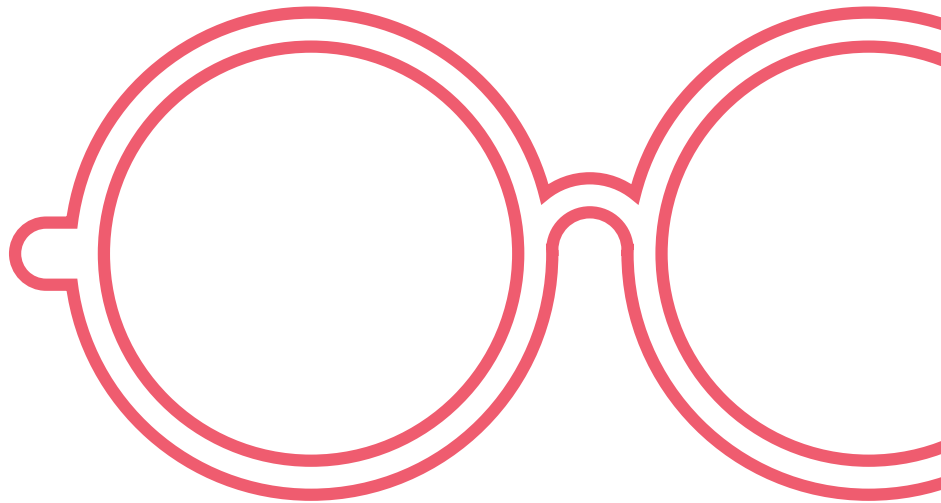


My dear Aunt Barbara Ortiz,
You know,
You are everything to me.
When I held your ashes,
It was so painful,
Deep inside of me
.I was so sad,
I was crying,
But you were next to me.
Even though I was sad,
I never gave up.
A bullet hits me,
I needed to duck.
I wanted to hug you,
Take care of you...
But I had bad luck.
I need you forever,
But you've passed away.
I have been really clever,
I hope you can see me,
And are proud of me.
I'm in fifth grade,
About to go into sixth!
I have friends
That are always there for me.
When I am outside,
I feel happiness is on my side.
Every time I go down the slide,
It is like I'm dancing in the sky.
I want to be an actress,
Just like you wanted to be.
I hope you are happy
In Heaven.
I have a good teacher,
She is always there for me.
I want you to know
That you, and my teacher,
Are always in my heart!

SHY

By: Oscar Marquez

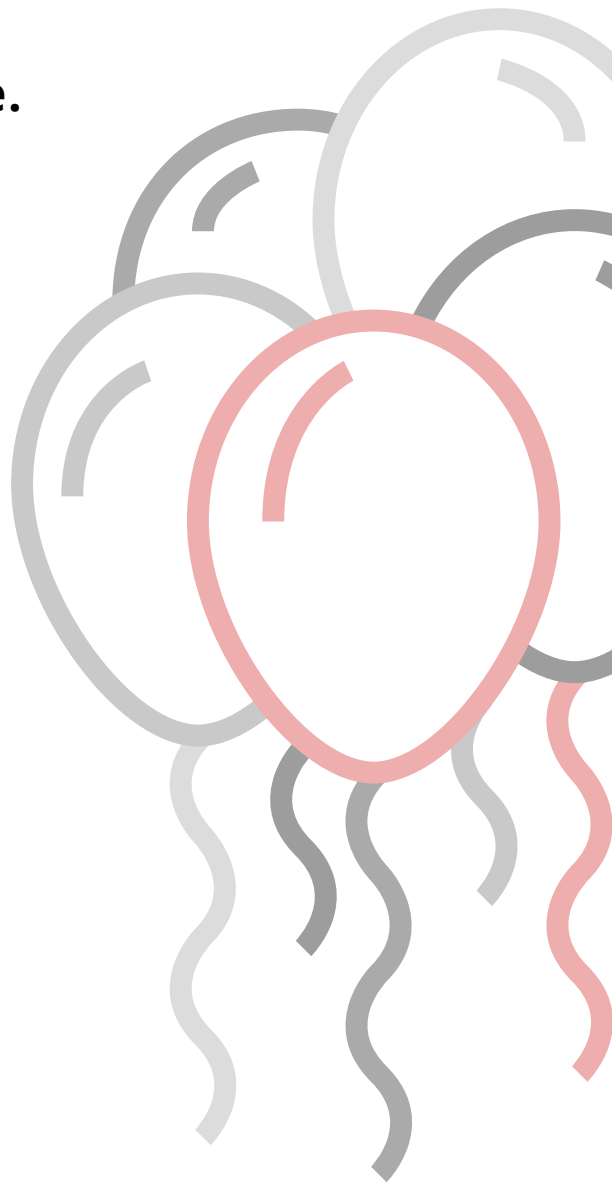
I used to be shy,
When I finally got my glasses.
I thought that
I would get bullied.
I thought I was going to get
called names.
Like nerd.
Once I wore my glasses to school,
I felt like everyone was staring.
I felt that I was alone,
All alone.
Unable to stop
the staring,
Unable to get out.



STILL DEPRESSED

By: Qisir Jones

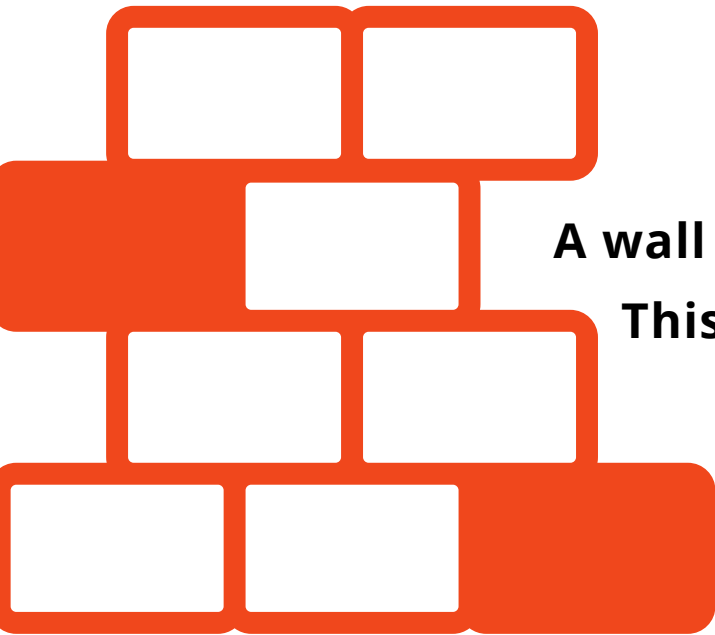
My feelings are an inflated balloon.
Thinking about my brother,
I don't know what to do.
When somebody asks me to play a game,
I say I'm not in the mood,
and saying it like I have an attitude.
People making fun of me.
That was so rude
And not really cool.
When I was younger,
somebody tried to drown me,
In my own pool.
He tried to push me,
In the pool.
That was just very cruel.
My feelings are a deflated balloon.





THE WALL

By: Sarai Ampie



Between people and children
A wall yells with his big mouth.
A wall moves with his metal legs
A wall is strong and has big metal arms.
This wall yells with his big dry mouth
Yells, "Get off my property!"
Hate is a wall.
Love is a flowing river
Like a space or light
A wall is hateful and separates families
To us it says, "Get out, cry and suffer!"
I want to throw the wall into lava
So it can burn and suffer
Like the people were made to
suffer and got hurt.

TECNOLOGÍA/ TECHNOLOGY

BY: WILFREDO HUEZO MORAN,
JONATHAN VEGA CURBELO,
IMANOL MATUL PEREZ, ADRIAN CABRERA



siempre me divierto jugando en mi silla
Tecnología es como mi vida
y siempre te recordare
eres como mi choza
a pesar de que solo eres una cosa
de que solo eres una cosa
si muero en mi tumba jugare
porque nunca te olvidare
si no de la tecnología no sabré
y lo que importa es que siempre te jugare
porque sin ti de tecnología no sabré
ti mucho me aburriré
porque no me divertiré

I always have fun playing in my chair
Technology is like my life
and I will always remember you
You are like my hut,
my home despite the fact that you're just a thing
Even though you're only a thing
if I die, I'll play with you in my grave
because I will never forget you
If it's not technology,
I don't know anything about it
and what matters is that I will always play you
because without you technology
I will get bored
and not have any fun



BY: WILLIAM SANTIAGO RODRIGUEZ,
YOMAR APONTE RIVAS,
JOSÉ AMED CASANOVA

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Inspired by Bad Bunny's lyrics:

*The other day I was in Miami
and many other airport runways
that I climbed with a knot in my throat.*

My Puerto Rico rises up.

*And my tree grows,
and rocks in its chair.*

These are our words:

I lost my people
and my land

But my love overcomes.

I do not want to take you out of my mind

I have stewed rice in my mind.

I have mofongo in my people.

I have Loíza in my mind and I have
orocovis in my teeth.

And Puerto Rico rises.

Inspirada por estas letras de Bad Bunny:

*otro día Que no se De Mami
y ya son las Tantas En Otras Tarimas
que me trepó con el nudo en la*

garganta Despues

de garganta mi PR

se levanta. Y mi árbol crece

en su sillón se mece

Estas son nuestras palabras:

Perdí mis Pueblos

y Mi tierra Pero mi amor se vence. Pero

no quiero sacarte / De mi mente Tengo

arroz guisado en mi mente Tengo

mofongo en mi Gente tengo

A Loíza en mi Mente y tengo a orocovis
en mis dientes.

Y ya se levantó PR